

\$300,000,000 GOLD ALL UNDER ONE ROOF. A Sunday Journal Woman Explores the Big Vaults at the Sub-Treasury and the Arsenal upstairs.

Millions and millions in gold!
Gold in great, shining heaps!
Gold in bars and lying about in canvas
bags under one's feet!

Gold in scales, tipping heavy weights
high in the air, and looking dirty and yellow
against the polished brass in which it
rests!

Gold in sleeves, dropping through the
spaces in a rain of glittering coin, and
leaving only the great eagles and half
eagles as a residue!

Gold in vaults, stored from floor to ceiling
like jam in a kitchen pantry, and so
much left over that it must be piled up
temporarily upon the floor!

That is what I saw one day last week
over at the big Sub-Treasury in Wall
street, where a gold flood has been coming
in for the last week in bids for the new
bond issue.

I had never seen so much gold before in
my life! My skirt brushed it as I walked
among it; my feet stumbled upon it; the
music of its clink sounded in my ears; the
vastness of the wealth and power it represented
came upon me with overpowering force;
my head swam with a realization of its
nearness, and I had to clasp my hands
tightly to keep from an impulse which
tempted me to gather it in great armfuls
and embrace it like a living thing.

I understood then for the first time the
fever that makes men work through difficulties
and dangers to discover the precious
metal in the earth. I knew the joy a
miner feels as he glazes over his glittering
board, and the sudden passion which
makes an honest man a thief.

OVER \$150,000,000 IN GOLD.
Over one hundred and fifty millions
in gold bars and coin were in the Treasury
when I visited it. By Saturday this
amount was to be augmented by many millions
more, and this, together with the currency,
silver and small coin stored in the Treasury
vaults, represented a vast total amounting
to over three hundred millions of dollars!

Not in gold or inexpensive paper bonds or
securities, but in actual, reachable money,
which I saw and handled. And in the vault
where the paper currency was stored I felt
the unmistakable odor of greenbacks, and
while to the aesthetic sense these
mouldy contracts bring no more thrill than
the silver coins stacked like poker chips
upon the shelves, one cannot but feel the
overpowering atmosphere of the place—the
fascination of wealth.

Even the street boys feel this charm, and
climb up the great iron bars of the Nassau
street windows in order to see the men
counting, weighing, testing and sifting the
coin. Their eyes grow round and big with
wonder; their hair almost stands on end
with surprise, and they cling patiently on
their perilous perches until they drop to
the pavement, exhausted mentally and physically
by what they have seen.

Into this counting room through a door
of heavy iron grating, which was unlocked
and unlocked as we entered, I was first
taken by Assistant Treasurer George Mar-
lor.

SIX IRON-BARRED WINDOWS look out upon
the street. Beneath it extends the long
table upon which the men sort, test,
weigh, count and store the coin in bags.
Eight men stood busy here, and beside
each one was a pile of gold money. Most
of the men were in their shirt sleeves,
and each wore a short apron of ticking.

Gold is one of the most unclean things
to handle. I noticed that the hands of
the men were black—some much worse
than others. In the heaps upon the table
one could see the different colors of gold,
that with the copper alloy being much
prettier to look at than the dull yellow
gold.

Much of the gold I saw had come from
the city banks. It was brought through
the streets on ordinary trucks, and there
are always four armed men besides the
driver. But one would never imagine the
precious contents of the heavy canvas
bags, judging from their appearance.

The gold which comes from abroad is
brought over in the ship's safe under a
special guard. It is also brought on trucks
from the steamers, and is unloaded at the
Pine street door of the Treasury. Of
course special care is taken in counting the
bags as they are taken off the trucks, but
should the contents of the bags be tampered
with on the way it would be difficult
to place the blame. Therefore the men
selected for the task of guarding Treasury
gold are men of the highest integrity,
from the highest in authority to the
cannon who drive the trucks.

Low hand-trucks heavily built are used
in taking the gold from the street to the
counting room, and before it passes the
grated door the bags are counted by three
men and the number noted.

Several of these trucks were being
emptied in the counting room when I went
in. The bags containing the gold money
were of heavy drilled canvas and looked
fresh and new. Each one was about 13
by 10 inches in size. I lifted one with
difficulty. It contained \$5,000 in twenty-
dollar gold pieces, and Treasurer Marlor
told me it weighed twenty pounds.

The bags are dumped out upon the table,
those of only one depositor being handled
at a time. First they are sifted. The
sieve is like an ordinary hand-sieve after
in shape, the interstices in the bottom being
circular in form. Through these openings
the five and three and two-and-a-half
dollar pieces fall in a golden shower, leaving
only the coins of a larger denomination.

LIGHT-WEIGHT COINS.
First the small and then the large pieces
are spread out, and so rapidly that it
seems incredible, the trained eye of the
counter detects counterfeit or light-weight
coin. He sweeps them together and tosses
them to a "tester," who stands before a
finely balanced scale.

The tester weighs the coin. If it is all
right he returns it to the counter, but this
rarely happens once it has been rejected.
If it is not up to the standard he puts it
under a press and stamps a deep "L"

for "light" in its centre, defacing the coin
hopelessly. This light coin is returned to the
depositor, and through the Assay Office
it is returned in its actual value. The
United States will not accept anything
lighter than one-half of one per cent.
"You see this coin," said Treasurer Mar-
lor, taking up one of the rejected pieces
marked "L" and holding it up to the light;
"this coin has been re-read." What some
people call "milling" we call "reading."
That has been filed off and a new "reading"
put on. That is one of the commonest
ways of stealing from a coin.

"Here is another that has worn smooth
and light in the ordinary course of circulation,
and here is one that has been
"sweated." That is a process a coin is sub-
jected to by means of acids, which brings
the gold out through the surface. Strange!
Not at all—to us. There are all sorts of

rule in the Treasury. No official enters a
vault alone with a visitor, for obvious reasons.

We had to pass through four doors to
get into this small iron box incased in granite
and lighted by electricity. The first two
doors are of heavy steel, with sixteen
heavy bolts. They are provided with the
most intricate combinations, the clock-
work of each showing behind glass on the
reverse side of the door. Then comes a
heavy grating door of steel, and after this
another safe door more cumbersome and
awful than the others.

It would give any burglar a tired feeling
to try to get through these doors with a
drill. It makes one tired even to walk
through them.

This vault is a room fifteen feet square.
From the floor to the ceiling there are
small enclosures, each one numbered. The
numbers run up as high as seventy-five.
There were bags of gold piled up about the
room for lack of accommodation, and these
bags formed a sort of accommodation, and
we seated ourselves to chat. It really is a
delightful sensation to sit down on a few
millions in gold just as though nothing had
happened.

"These strong boxes," said Mr. Hale,
"are built to accommodate, each of them,
one hundred bags containing \$5,000 apiece.
That is a capacity of half a million to
each box." We have now here over sixty-
five million in this vault—in gold, you un-
derstand—and perhaps two million in the
counting room. By the end of the week
we shall have over two hundred million
we expect. This is not counting the cur-
rency, silver, or small coin."

"We have two vaults for currency, and
there are one hundred odd million in
these; we have forty-two million in silver;
then we have two vaults with nothing but
five-cent pieces and pennies. In all? Well,
I should say three hundred million at a
rough aggregate."

built up from the roof, and he showed me
the oblong portholes through which the
ride muzzles would rest, and larger holes
for the Gatling guns.

"Every room here," said the Superin-
tendent, "is a fortress in itself, and can
be shut off from the rest by iron and steel
at a minute's notice. They are shutters of
quarter-inch boiler iron and are double,
and there are provided with portholes for
muzzle barrels, so you see we should be
ready for any attack."

FIREARMS IN THE ARSENAL.
In the arsenal he showed me all the
rifles and ammunition ready for use at a
moment's notice. There were four dead-
end Gatling guns of eight and five barrels.
They rested on tripods and were covered
with leather blankets. In cases open and
ready there were 22,000 rounds of am-
munition. It all made me shiver.

In the middle of the room there was a
high case with sliding doors, and both
sides of it were filled with firearms. There
were one hundred loaded six-shooters of
.45 calibre, and for each 13,000 rounds of
ammunition.

There were one hundred carbines of .45
calibre, and there were cartridge belts
hanging upon the wall. The guns were
all loaded and the Superintendent offered
me one to hold, but I told him that I knew
I'd shoot him if I took it, so he put it
back in its place.

"See this window," said he; "it has
what we call a swinging bonnet. Two men
can sit inside it entirely protected, and
can shoot through the portholes, besides
dropping hand grenades on the street
through openings in the bottom." There
were eleven of these bonneted windows on
the Nassau street side and ten portholed
windows, each one of them capable of
holding two men.

We went over the Wall street entrance
of the building and crept through small,
round openings in the floor of solid stone
to another massive floor four feet below.
It was weird and awful. I felt as if I
were a thousand miles from New York
and expected something to go off every
moment. On all sides were boxes of hand
grenades. There were fifteen hundred of
them, of two, three and five pounds each.

MILLIONAIRES WHO GROAN WITH DYSPEPSIA. Very Rich Men With Every Luxury of the Table Who Eat Only The Plainest Food.

This is the story of our millionaire dys-
peptics.

If the hungry little urchins with the
wistful eyes, who gaze at the big stone
mansions of the millionaires and peep
curiously through the gaunt iron railings
that separate them from the plebeian world,
if they only knew what little cause there
is for a sigh of envy and how sincerely
the millionaire envies the wholesome ap-
petite that craves a good square meal, with
how much more relish would the gamins
devour his plain corned beef and milk-
bake, or even his humble bread and milk.

But the gamins know nothing of the
ruined digestions, the dyspeptic constitu-
tions and the milk and sugar diets of the
great money kings whose health has been
wrecked by indulgence in the luxuries
about him.

Stories of ten thousand dollar chefs and

of deferentially smiling clerks and the pu-
sillanimous office boy, enter the office of Mr.
Gould without announcement, and slink the
door behind him.

"Uncle Russell, God bless him," mur-
mured one of the clerks, and then I learned
that Russell Sage came daily to Mr.
Gould's office in Dey street to accept Mr.
Gould's hospitality at luncheon.
It was a simple lunch, consisting of
English mutton chops, French fried po-
tatoes and pale ale, and, judging from the
angle assumed by the pug nose of the of-
fice boy, it was no more lavish than that
individual indulged in himself. "Uncle
Russell" came to the door, wiped his face
with a handkerchief, and then, with a con-
sciousness of the fact that Mr. Sage's diges-
tion is aided by a large amount of hot water,
and sweets and "goodies" he looks upon
as a matter of course.

Russell Sage is one of the most careful
and prudent of men personally, and what
he eats and what he drinks is regulated
by the most rigid and frugal rules.

posing new Summer home at Biltmore,
containing the most magnificent dining
room that was ever built, with its massive
open fireplace of carved oak, its tapestried
walls seventy-five feet high, and the
glass and silver services that are worth
of art.

Yet the host of all this grandeur sits
in state and styes with the food he does
not touch while his friends revel in the
luxuries he provides.

MR. ASTOR'S ABSTEMIOUSNESS.
John Jacob Astor is one of the few mil-
lionaires who will probably never suffer
from dyspepsia. His habits are conserva-
tive to frugality. He drinks an occasional
glass of wine, smokes but seldom, and fan-
cies the plainest sort of food. His daily
routine is carried out with great regularity,
and he saves more than three-fourths of
his income each year.
John D. Rockefeller diets for his indiges-
tion. He goes to his office in the Standard
Oil building very seldom, and when he
does go, his presence is felt.

"He will not talk about his dyspepsia,"
said the young man who is his secretary.
"He is too conservative, and too busy."
Her face bore an expression of perpetual
pain and patience. My heart went out to
the secretary, and I left the office of the
Standard Oil magnate bemoaning fate, that
I could not hit upon a happy cure for this
disease of millionaires.

MAJOR STRONG LONGS IN VAIN.
Major W. L. Strong would willingly give
up half of the patronage at his disposal and
a large slice of his comfortable fortune to
the person who could suggest some remedy
that would permanently reform his stom-
ach. Inclined to be a bon vivant, the
Major only gives better of the temptations
of the festive board at rare intervals. One
banquet means with him a month's diet
on toasted state bread, weak tea, very lean
meat, and fruit. The dyspepsia holds sway
300 days out of the year in the Mayoral
corps, and to this must be added
painful weeks of incessant
long stays at curative springs.

While not, strictly speaking, a millionaire,
Reverend Dr. J. J. Van Alen, who is the
reformer of the city, knows what it is like
that ill, inasmuch as he has a fixed income,
and a large one at that. For, Mr. Van Alen
struggles against the pangs of dyspepsia.
He rides a bicycle for his health, and the
list of gastronomic "don'ts" which he can-
cels daily is larger than the index to the
Bible Standard.

Ex-Secretary of the Navy Whitney is not
permitted for a day to forget that the diges-
tive apparatus is a most delicate organism.
With the means at his command to live like
Lucullus, and famed as he is as a princely
entertainer, the delicacies of the cuisine
are to him but as Dead Sea fruit. His meals
are simple almost to the point of austerity.
He drinks wine very sparingly on public oc-
casions, and when with a consciousness of
the penance he must pay, Mr. Whitney
seeks health and rejuvenation of a shat-
tered gastric system by travel abroad. Big-
ging from one cure to another, Mr. Whit-
ney owes his condition to his high nervous
temperament and habit of overtaxing his
strength.

J. J. VAN ALLEN A SUFFERER.
James J. Van Alen, of New York and
Newport, envies the day laborer who sits
on the curb at noon and devours with relish
the weighty, not to say soggy, contents of
his dinner pail. Mr. Van Alen would give
several times the amount of his famous con-
tribution to a campaign fund to be able to
rush into a "quick lunch" place, climb upon
a stool and eat sandwiches, hard-boiled
eggs, pork and beans, pie and coffee, and
then, with a contented air, to go home and
next day, Mr. Van Alen spends much of his
time at the German spa.

Governor Morton was recently asked
whether he had suffered from dyspepsia.
With a cheery laugh he replied: "Do I look
like it? Indeed, I never have, but I am
sure that I could get it. I always felt as
if I were inclined that way, but I have
avoided the affliction by eating nothing but
plain food perfectly cooked. I never use
sweets nor starch, nor fat, and my favorite
and almost exclusive drink is milk from
Berne, and overbaked scones what that
is. I like a good glass of wine in its place,
and that never hurts any one. I enjoy good
health no matter how much I eat. Above
all, I sleep my regular hours 365 days each
year."

John W. Mackay, multi-millionaire, walks
in the shadow of the grim affliction, the re-
sult, perhaps, of the hardship and priva-
tions of his youth, followed later by an in-
dulgence in the good things for which he
had not been prepared when millions were
yet to him the wildest dream. By keeping
a close watch upon himself and selecting
his food for its plainness with as much
care and study as ever a Sam Ward be-
stowed upon the creations of dishes that
would have tempted the cloyed palate of
Cleopatra, Mr. Mackay suffers but little. It
is well known to his friends that abstem-
iousness in both solids and liquids is im-
perative upon his part.

Andrew Carnegie is not unacquainted
with dyspepsia. Born in Dunfermline,
Scotland, the son of a poor weaver, his
childhood was not a path of roses and his
youthful pallet was not tickled with those
hurling delicacies which are showered
upon the children of the rich. It is there-
fore not surprising that when manhood and
riches were attained he indulged in those
things which were beyond his reach in the
early days. He has, however, indulged
himself like many others who possess
great wealth. His life is devoted more to
his home and his work than to society. To
this fact perhaps is due his present health.

DR. DEPEW'S REGIMEN.
And yet, look at "Our Chauncey."
Night after night he is dined and wine,
and has a reputation as a gourmet to the
stranger who has never seen or heard of
him, and never sat in the light of his
brilliant presence.

I enjoyed that privilege last week. It
was after I had finished with the multi-
millionaires and made notes on their lean-
ing eyes and sallow complexions. What a
relief it was to gaze upon his clear cut,
aristocratic features and look of good
health.

"Why haven't you got dyspepsia, Dr.
Dewey?" I asked.
The president of the New York Central
laughed as no dyspeptic ever could.

"It's like this," he said, sitting in his chair.
"They serve six oysters, I take two; soup,
I just touch it; fish, I don't touch it; en-
tree, no; roast, yes; terrine, yes; salad,
yes; sweets, no; coffee, no."
"And wines, Mr. Dewey?"
"Champagne, sparkling, no; and having
become by this time painfully conscious of
the breach had a good day and skipped into a near-
by table d'hôte, where I satisfied an ap-
petite that would have been won in weight
in gold to a millionaire dyspeptic.

JASPER IS A CIGAR FIEND.

Hoyt's Negro Doorkeeper Knows Where
Choice Perfectos Are Kept.

Jasper, the gentleman of color who opens
the doors for Hoyt's Theatre patrons, has
a penchant for good cigars. There is a
high window ledge in the lobby, where
attachés of the theatre are accustomed to
place their weeds when, after a few
whiffs, they are summoned to their op-
portunity and the cigar at the same time and
"haw-haws" pleasantly at repeated
threats to "break his black head." Even
Mr. Hoyt's perfectos have not escaped Jas-
per's eye, and, though the lord of the
manor frequently raved over the loss
of freshly lighted two-for-a-quarters, the
colorful guardian escaped detection.

A few nights ago one of the employees,
after lighting a cheap cigar, rubbed cay-
enne pepper over the mouth part and de-
posited the "loaded" weed on the ledge.
A few minutes later Jasper was begging
some one to turn the hose on him. He soon
recovered, and, to show he held no spite
for the joke, slipped three more cigars in
rapid succession.

Then the employees appealed to his sense
of honor. They argued that they should
be exempt from his piffing, and he
solemnly promised to restrain his abnor-
mal appetite for smoke. In order to dis-
tinguish their cigars from outsiders' the
attachés slip rubber bands over the
mouthpiece. Now when Jasper finds such
bands he never takes more than a puff.



A Sunday Journal Young Woman Spends a Day Watching the Sub-Treasury People
Counting the Biggest File of Money They Ever Had to Handle.

ways of making a living."

"How much was that last lot short, Mr.
Marlor?" he asked one of the men.

"Fifteen thousand light,"
"That is out of a deposit of \$80,000,"
said the Treasurer. "You see that is no
small amount. This lot here is marked
\$100 light out of \$5,000. Now when it is
weighed and tagged with the proper amount
it is in what we call 'good condition,' and
is ready for the vault. You see each bag
has the weight amount and denomination
of coin on the attached tag."

"Now when the light money has been
taken out there is a final weighing of the
good coin." He showed me three scales
on a table along the centre of the room,
and I took the big brass scoop and lifted
a heavy shovelful of gold into one of the
pans.

It was so heavy that I had to take two
hands to lift it, and I could not help think-
ing that if one were offered all this gold
with the provision that it should be car-
ried out by the recipient he would have
to refuse.

"Now I shall take you through the
vaults," said my guide. "That is some-
thing unusual, especially for a woman.
You are the first woman that has ever
been inside the vaults. We take visitors
through the grating door. I shall take you
right inside among all the millions if you
will promise me that you are not armed."

I thought at first that he was in earnest,
but he smiled when he saw that I was
awed at the idea and led the way to the
big gold vault back of the Wall street
office.

Deputy Assistant Treasurer Hale ac-
companied us in the vault. This is a

Treasurer Marlor took me through all
these vaults. That where the gold bars
were stored with additional gold coin in
reached by a winding stairway which leads
far underground. It is divided off into
compartments six on a side, and each one
has its allowance of bars. The currency
vaults were on the main floor.

I was appalled by this wealth and op-
pressed by it. I wondered why every one
looked so cheerful. It seemed as though
one must stride in this monotonous atmo-
sphere of gold, and I felt as though I would
give the whole place and its contents
were it mine for one glass of pure cold
water.

"THE TREASURY REALLY A FORT."
"What would you do?" I asked Mr. Mar-
lor, "if the Treasury should be attacked by
rioters or a Coxey's army of tramps? Then
I learned for the first time that the Treas-
ury is in reality a great fortress of solid
rock, built to withstand bullets and
shells and provided with a complete arsenal
on its upper floor.

I was entrusted to the care of Superin-
tendent Botger, of the Treasury Building,
in order that I might see the arsenal, and
he told me all about the building and the
means it had to quell any attack
which might be made upon Uncle Sam's
safe-deposit vaults.

"The walls of the building," said Mr.
Botger, "are of solid granite eight feet
thick, the floors are of marble and steel,
the arches and ceiling of solid masonry.
The window casings and stairways are
iron, and the roof is of granite, from
which cannon balls would rebound, leaving
it almost unmarked."
He took me up in one of the turrets

"Have one," said the Superintendent,
hospitably. I shuddered. I had just dis-
covered that there were holes in the floor
through which I could see the top of
Washington's head and the people walk-
ing upon Wall street.

"What are these for?" I asked.
"They are to drop these grenades upon
robbers who might attack the front of the
building. There is a similar arrangement
over Pine street. We are well defended.
One or two of these would scatter a mob
in short order."

"We have a great many soldiers here
who understand the use of all these things.
It would not be case of amateur de-
fence. Everything is kept in perfect
readiness. One man who is an old soldier
has charge of keeping things clean and in
order. In damp weather he sometimes
visits the arsenal twice a week."

When we reached the hall a gruff man
swinging a small bunch of keys was walk-
ing up and down. The keys looked ridicu-
lously small, and then I thought that this
was one of the results of his long service.
The most powerful keys are no longer big
and cumbersome.

A pile of bags was coming in the door
on one of the hand-trucks. The load was
six bags high, four bags long and two
bags wide.

"How many millions?" I asked care-
lessly.
"We are getting used to large
amounts now, and this was a particularly
big load."

"A thousand dollars in pennies going to
an uptown dry goods store," said the
gruff man, swinging his small keys again.
I breathed a deep breath of fresh air
when I got to the street, and thought
what an awful fate it would be to be shut
out from the sunlight and the world and
the flowers and everything beautiful in
life amid all that yellow gold—forever to
see it and hear it and handle it. Yet im-
potent to use it.

I fancied how easily one could grow to
loathe it and long for life in the world
again, even a hard life, where even the
smallest rose that blooms or the smile in
a baby's eyes would seem of infinitely
more value than all the yellow millions in
this great Bastille of gold in Wall street.

KATE MASTERSON.

ten thousand dollar dinners are published
from time to time, and long and elaborate
menus of home dinners of the Vanderbilts,
the Goulds, Astors and the rest of our mil-
lionaires, and the poor man who nurses his
gout from the effect of fifty-cent tables
d'ôte marvels at the wonderful possi-
bilities of his richer brother's stomach.

If he only knew!

JAY GOULD'S DYSPEPSIA.
Jay Gould, for instance, after accumulat-
ing the vast wealth that could have pro-
cured him every luxury on earth, was com-
pelled to restrain his appetite, substituting
hot water for his favorite Burgundy, and
restricting himself to an Oriental diet of
boiled rice. Any departure from this taste-
less regime was invariably followed by a
night of agony, during which Mr. Gould
walked the floors of his beautiful home,
and when at last the dreaded dyspepsia
forced the cause of his death, relief was
probably the dominant feeling in Jay
Gould's breast.

This man had conquered all, yet was un-
able to enjoy the fruition of his labors.
Ambition, overwork and the consequent ir-
regularity in his mode of living, were un-
doubtedly the causes of Mr. Gould's ill-
health, and not, as in many other cases,
over-indulgence.

The lesson of his life has not been lost
upon his children. The young children of
Mr. and Mrs. George Gould are reared in
a big airy, where sunshine and whole-
some food are important factors and
sweets are wholly unknown.

George Gould himself is more regular in
his habits than any moneyed man in town.
He rises at 7:30 a. m. each day, breakfasts
at 8:30, partaking of a bowl of milk, and
reaches his office at 10 a. m. There is
nothing exaggerated in the report of
George Gould's devotion to business. From
the time he reaches his office until 1
o'clock his undivided attention is given to
his work.

I called one day last week and was in-
formed that Mr. Gould was about to en-
ter his luncheon, and for a half hour I
could pass into the sanctum. I saw a
prim, sanctimonious-looking gentleman
with gray whiskers approach, pass the row

The Vanderbilt family, though extremely
modest in their home lives, show the effects
of high living. The old Commodore was
the first to become a slave to the dreaded
dyspepsia, for the tastes of the wealthy
in early childhood were pampered later in
life.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, the favorite son
of William H. Vanderbilt, is as careful and
exact in the matter of his diet as he is
in the fulfilment of his religious duties.
His life is run by a daily routine. He
arises at half past 7 and breakfasts at
half past 8 on coffee, a roll and boiled
wheat, lunches at half past 12 on simple,
wholesome food, and dines at 7. The ser-
vice in the home of Cornelius Vanderbilt
is probably the finest in any home in town,
and the food is of the best and well
cooked, but such sweets and rich foods as
are served are never touched by Cornelius
Vanderbilt himself, and the really fragrant
fare he allows himself is not beyond the
income of any mechanic in the city.

With his dinner he drinks moderately of
champagne, leaving it served in continental
fashion from silver pitchers. Cornelius
Vanderbilt abstains most rigidly from
alcohol.

William K. Vanderbilt is a constant suf-
ferer from dyspepsia. While a lover of
society and all that pertains to it, the
giving and taking of magnificent dinners
is a mere farce. At his country home,
Idle Hour, William K. Vanderbilt spends
an occasional week or two which prepares
him for a month or two in town, living on
the fresh produce of the farm, which shel-
ters the herds of Jersey and Guernsey
and thousands of dollars' worth of rare
fowl.

George W. Vanderbilt is the opposite of
his brother, William K., for he abhors ex-
cises; yet his health is poor, his digestion
badly impaired, and he is able to enjoy
more of those dainty table luxuries which
his money can buy than the poor mechanic
is able to afford. The sweets which he
craves and consumed when a child have
made violent inroads on a naturally weak
constitution, and these, together with his
close application to study, have made
George Vanderbilt old before his time, and
a sufferer from chronic indigestion.
The public read the accounts of his im-